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NBC

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(3 12:30-1:30 PM) () () DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers"

MUSIC: Quartet, "Rangers' Song."

ANNOUNCER: The Forest Products Laboratory maintained by the U. S. Forest Service at Madison, Wisconsin, has become a vital agency in the increase of the world's knowledge of wood and its properties and uses. There is urgent demand for the assistance of its trained scientists in solving many problems of wood use, and incidentally some amusing and interesting cases have been solved by the laboratory experts. A tree growing precariously on top of a court house was discovered to be getting its nourishment from the soluble nutrients in the composition of the roof; the age of the elms on three boundary lines, accurately determined by the Laboratory scientists, won an important case for the Federal Government; a treasure ship was identified by its wooden hull. But the solving of such cases is only an incidental part of the work of the Forest Products Laboratory. Its major endeavor is in the development of good efficient use of wood and wood products.

And now again to the Pine Cone National Forest, where Ranger Jim Roberts and his assistant, Jerry Tolan, as you know have become involved in the mystery of a gold robbery. Miss Tom Bellows, who has been prospecting over the Pine Cone National Forest for years, had hidden her savings in gold dust in her cabin.

ANNOUNCER CONTINUED.

The same night that news came of a gold strike on the claim of Pete Shanley, whose claims were located not far from the Irishman, Tom was robbed of all his savings. Jim and Jerry started investigating the robbery and asked the assistance of Dr. Davidson, a scientist from the Forest Products Laboratory, who happened to be working on their district at the time. Suspicion has pointed strongly to Mike Buggy, a water-driller in that vicinity who has caused trouble before. Although last week it seemed that Mike had provided himself with a perfect alibi, Newville Ranger Jim had discovered a piece of evidence that he thought ought to be of value, and accordingly, he found Jim and Jerry and Dr. Davidson this morning here gone up to Tom Collins' cabin where they hope to find verification of the new evidence.

TOM: (FADING IN) Come in, gentlemen. Come in. I hear someone when he'd come up to me little cabin again.

JIM: (FADING IN) How are you, Tom?

JERRY: (FADING IN) How are you feeling now, Tom?

TOM: I've still got a lump on me head, Jerry, big as an egg, where that haythen slapped me. See it? Look at that, will ye?

JERRY: Say, it is a bump. He must've given you quite a slug, Tom. Faith and he said that

JIM: You remember Mr. Davidson, don't you Tom? He was down at the Post Office the day you were tellin' us about the trip you wanted to make to Ireland.

TOM: Aye, that I do. And well I remember it. That bein' the day before my gold was took.

DR. D: Maybe you can give us some help on the case.

TOM: Aye, Dr. Davidson, an' if we can catch that Mike Sandy, I'll take care of 'im meself. An' has the Sheriff caught on with 'im yet?

JERRY: I don't know. He was out lookin' for 'im last night.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I expect he'd find Mike Sandy right back in his own cabin up the road there, if he came up this way.

TOM: In his cabin? Regorra, what're we waitin' for? Let's get 'im soon. The haythen struck.

JIM: Hold it a minute, Tom. It seems that Mike has a sort of alibi.

JERRY: I'll say he has.

TOM: What do ye mean?

JIM: Mike says he was on the way to his wedding the night your gold was stolen.

TOM: Wedding? Mike Sandy?

JIM: That's what he says. He married a widow from down near Big Bend.

JERRY: A widow with three children.

TOM: It serves him right. And I hope they plague him 'till he's out of his pils. 'Twould be like that rascal to steal my gold and then try to make himself respectable by gettin' married. But how did ye know he waid that?

JIM: Mike stopped by the Ranger Station last night and told me.

TOM: He did? And ye didn't arrest him on the spot?

JIM: I don't have authority to make arrests except in cases involving National Forest regulations, Tom. All I want to do is help the civil authorities find out the truth in this case.

TOM: But ye could have called the sheriff, Jim.

JIM: We have no proof yet that Mike is guilty, Tom.

TOM: Well, maybe you're right, but I'll never believe it was anyone else but that unprincipled scoundrel, Mike Blundy.

JIM: Well, anyway, Tom, I've got a piece of wood here that might tell us something. Dr. Davidson had a look at it under his microscope and proved it's the kind of wood we thought it was.

TOM: And what in the world else is that little stick of wood? Got to do with it?

JIM: We can tell you better after we find another sample of wood to match the one we have. I brought along my microscope so we could do the work right here.

TOM: Microscopes? And what would be a thing like that to tell me what a piece of wood is? I could be better myself without one.

JERRY: You can see a lot of things with a microscope, Tom.

TOM: I'm beggin' yer pardon, Doctor, but I learned what I know about wood from usin' it. And the way to judge a piece of wood is to smell of it and feel it and heft it. And there ain't no gadgets on that microscope of yours can do all that, is there?

DR. D: Not quite. But I think it'll show what we want to know.

TOM: Well, I ain't of a mind to put your money in it.

JIM: The last we saw you, down at the post office, you were carryin' a new rifle you'd just bought. Where'd you get it?

TOM: It come all the way from back east.

JERRY: There you are, Doctor. The rifle box was just filled with eastern white pine.

TOM: What is it you're after talkin' about? Rifle box?

JIM: That rifle you bought, Tom, came in a box that looked like it was made of eastern white pine.

TOM: Yes.

JIM: There ain't none of that kind of wood used in this part of the country.

TOM: I see.

JERRY: Where is the box, Tom? Do you still have it?

TOM: Folks, uh, I'd. I've no idea if the world where it is. Maybe burnt up or not.

JERRY: (DEFLATED) Burnt up?

TOM: Or thrown away, or lost, or Heaven knows what.

JIM: Don't you suppose we could find at least a part of it, Tom? Do you have any idea where it could be?

TOM: Aye, if we were to look we might be able to find some of it lyin' around.

JIM: Let's look around the cabin here.

TOM: Sure, an' we might find a scrap of it on the woodpile.

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Here's a piece of boxwood, Jim, maybe that's it.

JIM: Nope, that's just a piece of wood.

JERRY: Shucks, nothing else around here that looks like it.

JIM: I'd sure like to find that box -- hey, what's that over there by the door?

JERRY: Wait a minute -- maybe this is it, Jim. Here's several pieces built up for stalling. Maybe we could fit some of 'em together, and --

JIM: Yep, let's ask Dr. Davidson to look it up -- Will you, Dr. Davidson?

JIM: Sure. I guess I'd better get on the shipboard in the cabin there on Tom's table. (CHUCKLING) If you think it we isn't Jerry Tom has much.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) I'm afraid Tom haven't have much faith in scientific methods.

DR. D. We may be able to change his mind for him.

JIM. (JHONKING) That's a big assignment. I change 100% of him.

DR. D. (GOING OFF) I'll see him to give me a hand with the instruments.

JIM. All right.

SOUND: MOTOR TRUCK APPROACHING. OFF.

JERRY. Who's that coming down the road, Jim?

JIM. Looks like that old truck of Pete Blank's. -- Yeah, that's who it is, Pete Blank. (CALLS) Hi there. Pete. Where you going?

SOUND: TRUCK PULLS UP STOP.

PETE. (OFF) Hey, Ranger.

JIM. Pulling in today, are you Peter?

PETE. Yes Jim. I said we were to a table in Bill's place so I'm heading out for the noon.

JIM. Ain't losing any time, are you Peter?

PETE. No time. -- Say, this is the Collins' place, isn't it?

JIM. Yes.

PETE. Yeah -- (LAUGHS VENTRALLY) Didn't notice when I was when I pulled in. -- Say, have they caught that fellow Mike Smith yet, the guy that killed Tom?

JIM: Not that I know of. We just came up here to check up on
the evidence we found.

PETE: QUICKLY. Did you find anything?

JIM: (CASUAL) Oh, nothing much. Nothing to get worked over.

PETE: I see -- any big suspects or anything?

JIM: None -- one or two.

PETE: Somebody I'd know?

JIM: Well, we can't say anything will make sense, or course
might cause some trouble.

PETE: Yeah, I suppose it would --

JIM: So, you sold your clock, huh, Pete?

PETE: Uhuh. Sold it to a fellow in Y'low Mesa.

JIM: Anybody else around your place struck gold so far?

PETE: I don't know. Haven't heard of any. But there's a lot of
"see us these lookin' round."

JIM: Lookin' as right away, huh Pete?

PETE: Yeah. I was figurin' on goin' to -- er -- well, somewhere out
to the desert.

JIM: Glad I saw you before you left.

PETE: Huh? -- Oh, sure -- Yeah, I was figurin' on stoppin' by to
tell you so long. -- Say, I seen they got out some handbill
with a description of Mike Bondy.

JIM: Yeah, so they did.

PETE: Is sure there had for him, I think' out that way on the night of the robbery.

JIM: Maybe he had some other reason for leaving.

PETE: What's the idea of leavin' in the middle of the night then?

JIM: Mike always was kinda crazy, you know.

PETE: Well, I wasn't goin' to say anything about Mike, but I know I ought to, so as to help you fellows out.

JIM: What's that, Pete?

PETE: You remember I told you about that tourist comin' up to my tent and stickin' his head in and askin' where the rail road was?

JIM: Yes.

PETE: Well, before the tourist came I heard a car out on the road. And I come out of my tent to see where it was. It was just comin' up from Tom's cabin down here, so I watched it until it was past my place. And I seen plain as day that it was Mike Bundy in that old battle troop of his. You couldn't miss it.

JIM: Are you sure it was Mike?

PETE: There's nobody else around here got a car like his.

JIM: Couldn't it have been the tourist that was lost, tryin' to find his way?

(SOUND: AUTO STARTS FADING IN WAY OFF)

PETE: Oh, no. 'Cause I got a good look at his car when he drove
near the telephone into town about the stolen gold in his
pocket.

JIM: The telephone into town?

PETE: Sure. That's how the news about my strike got out.

JIM: I thought the tourist drove into town and told me himself--

PETE: No, that ain't the way it was. The tourist telephoned from
Tom Collins' place that -- (STOPP ABROFTLY)

JIM: (QUIETLY) From where, Peter?

(SOUND: AUTO IN CLOSE -- FRAMES SCREENS - STOP MOTOR - CAR DOOR SLAMS)

PETE: What's that? Who's come driving up?

JIM: Sounds like he's in a hurry.

MIKE: (OFF - EXCITED) Hey, Jim! Jim! (Approaching)

JIM: It's Mike. Ready.

MIKE: (RACING IN) Jim, they're after me. The sheriff and his
whole gang's after me.

JIM: Are they, Mike? What's up?

MIKE: I was leavin' for Big Bend to get the wife and kids, and when
I came out of my place to drive away, I seen a car load of car
copin' up the road. One of 'em took a shot at me. I seen it
was the sheriff's car so I hit out. Seen two more as I came
on.

JIM: Better wait right here, Mike. Won't do you any good trying
to get away. -- Wait a minute, Pete. There, you go!

PETE: I was just -- er -- I gotta be gettin' along, I guess.

JIM: Suppose you stick around a little while longer. I want to show you something.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF)

JERRY: (FADING IN - EXCITED) Hey, Jim, Dr. Davidson's got 'em fitted together. It's the rifle box all right, and it's matched up that place you -- (SURPRISED) Hey, what's that? A connection? How come Pete and Mike ---

JIM: It's all right, Jerry. You say it's the rifle box?

JERRY: Yeah. You can even see part of the name of the arms company stamped on it. And that piece of wood you had fit right in. The microscope shows a perfect match in the annual rings of the wood.

JIM: Hmm. That tells us a lot.

(SOUND: DOOR OPENS, OFF)

TOM: (FADING IN) The Doctor here put this piece of wood together with Jim. You oughta--- (STOPS ABRUPTLY)

JIM: What's the matter, Tom?

TOM: Begone! Am I wasn't what I see or ain't it? (RISING ANGER) Mike Bundy, I told ye wasn't if ye set foot on me place again? I'd whale the livin' daylight's outa ye.

JIM: Take it easy, Tom.

TOM: Ye Sneakin' old polecat. If ye ever prayed in yer life, start doin' it now.

MIKE: (FIGHTIN' MAD) You block-headed Irishman, I'll break your neck for --

TOM: Where's my gold, ye thief in the night! Stand back all of ye, whilst I --

JIM: (TOPPING THEM) Shut up, Tom. And you too, Mike.

TOM: I'll not leave a rib in his --

JIM: (CRACKING DOWN) Stop it, I said. You two gamecocks can argue it out later on. Just hang on to yourselves while I ask a couple of questions. Jerry!

JERRY: Yes, Jim.

JIM: Ask Dr. Davidson to come out here a minute, will you?

JERRY: Okay -- wait, Jim, -- isn't that the sheriff's car coming down the road? Gee, they sure are burning it up.

(SOUND, AUTO APPROACHING OFF)

JIM: Yep, that's the sheriff. Here he comes.

(AUTO COMING UP, STOPS, OFF)

(VOICES OFF. "THERE HE IS" -- "KEEP 'IM COVERED" -- "IT'S MIKE BUNDY, BOYS, DON'T LET 'IM GET AWAY").

JIM: (RAISING VOICE) Hold on a minute, Sheriff, will you?

I've got some new evidence to show you.

(VOICES COMING UP: "WHAT IS IT, JIM?" -- "BETTER GET THE CUFFS ON THAT GUY BUNDY 'FORE HE STARTS SOMETHING")

JIM:

Wait a minute, boys -- Let's see if we can get this thing straight. The night that Tom Collins here was robbed, Mike Bundy disappeared, didn't he? He says he went off to get married to a widow over in Big Bend, and I reckon we can check up on that if we need to by looking up the preacher and the marriage records. And find out whether he's telling the truth or not. It seems there's been bad blood between Mike Bundy and Tom Collins here -- some argument over some kind of something. That same morning before the robbery, I ran onto Tom Collins down at the Post Office, and he told me how he'd saved a pretty little pile from his work on the claim. Maybe somebody overheard him telling he saved it. -- But anyway, Tom got a good rifle that morning. He said he got it because Mike Bundy had been threatening him --

VOICE:

Don't you go trying to get away from here, Bundy. I better stop the coffee on you right now.

THE:

Wait a minute, Sheriff -- Now, that box with Mike's name slipped in a wooden box. We've just looked over pieces of that box here at Tom's place. There's no doubt about those pieces being part of the box, is there, Dr. Davidson? No doubt at all, Jim. I was able to reconstruct enough of the box to show the imprint of the same company and most of the shipping address.

JIM:

Well, the night Tom Collins was robbed, someone drove his truck over here to Tom's cabin and left it down the road empty. Then he got Tom outside by making a noise in the door. Then he dragged him, and dragged his back inside and then went after his truck. I reckon he drove it up in front of the cabin where it's now here and the tires wouldn't leave any marks. So' then he hooked the wheel off the back and put Tom's gold in his truck and was about to start off when he noticed he didn't have a pin for the end gate on his truck. So he picked up a stick of wood out back here and used it to fasten the end gate on his truck. -- Have you got that stick of wood there, Doc Davidson?

DR. D:

Right here, Jim.

JIM:

This stick came from that rifle box, did it, Doctor?

DR. D:

Unquestionably. It fits in with the other pieces, and the microscope shows a perfect match in annual rings and cellular structure in the wood.

JIM:

Well, boys, I found this stick of wood on Pete Shank's truck. I reckon Pete Shank's the man you want, Sheriff, not like Quack.

VOICES:

"IT'S PETE SHANK DONE IT" -- "GRAB HIM BOYS" -- PIO

PIE:

Here, look here -- you ain't got nothin' on me -- I

JIM:

I found the stick on Pete's truck the night he opened the store about striking it rich on his whisky.

PETE: But - but you ain't got it on me with - I got witnesses
to prove -

MIKE: Well, in time, maybe. I expect by now you've got
enough evidence out of this little town of wood to prove
he's guilty in any court in the country.

(BARKLE OF VOICES)

JIM: Looks like you can go free, Mike. Good.

MIKE: You moved out of town of a while, Jim.

JIM: I kinda felt you were innocent from the start, Mike. -
See, I expect that widow you was married to down in
Big Bend'll be getting kind of nervous for you to come and
get her, won't she?

MIKE: I expect she is.

(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Ranger is presented now, please, by the
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United States Forest Service.

